OVID (43 BCE-17/18 CE), LATIN POET. For a brief biography of Ovid, selections from translations of his *Heroides* and *Metamorphoses*, as well as selections from works that imitate or were influenced by Ovid, see the print anthology, pp. 204-38.

**LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PARODIES OF OVID’S *HEROIDES***

MATTHEW STEVENSON (d. 1684), POET. Member of a literary circle that included the playwright and translator Alexander Brome, Stevenson was apparently from Yorkshire, but spent some time in London. He produced a total of four works, two of verse and two of prose. His last work titled *Norfolk Drollery, Or a Complete Collection of the Newest Songs, Jovial Poems, and Catches* (1673) was by far his most popular, being reprinted twice, first under the title *Poems* (1673) and then as *The Wits Paraphrased*, or, *Paraphrase upon Paraphrase in a Burlesque on the Several Late Translations of Ovid’s Epistles* (1680). According to Wing, Stevenson’s parody of “Sappho to Phaon” was, like Alexander Radcliffe’s (see below), aimed at Dryden’s edition of Ovid’s *Epistles*; the actual translator of “Sappho to Phaon” in Dryden’s 1680 multi-authored volume is the poet Sir Carr Scrope (1649-1680).

**THE WITS PARAPHRASED OR, PARAPHRASE UPON PARAPHRASE IN A BURLESQUE ON THE SEVERAL LATE TRANSLATIONS OF OVID’S *EPISTLES* (1680)**

**SAPPHO TO PHAON**

**THE ARGUMENT**
The poetess Sappho, being forsaken by her lover Phaon (who was gone from Lesbos to Sicily) and resolved in despair to drown herself, writes this letter to him before she dies.

While Phaon to the hot-house hies,¹
With no less fire poor Sappho fries:
“I burn, I burn with nodes and poxes,”²
Like fields of corn with brand-tailed foxes.³
My bag-pipes can no longer please.⁴

---

¹ *hot-house* a bathhouse, sometimes called a ‘bagnio’; often, also, a place of prostitution. *hies* hurries.
² *nodes* syphilitic nodules or swellings. *poxes* skin lesions associated with syphilis, a sexually transmitted disease.
³ *Like ... foxes* An ancient method of burning the stubble in a corn field after harvest was to take a fox, tie a burning brand to its tail, and set it loose.
⁴ *bag-pipes* an instrument associated with licentiousness and folly, as well as bodily functions such as sexual
Nor can I get one minute’s ease;
Grunting all day I sit alone,
And all my old dear cronies shun.
The Lesbian sparks must claim no part,\(^5\)
Where thou hast stung me to the heart.
Ah wretch! how couldst thou be so cruel,
In my hot blood to raise a fuel,
When youth and beauty bid you stay,
Then play the rogue, and run away?
If nought oblige but equal pelf,\(^6\)
Go, keep your favours to yourself.
Yet, silly as I am, I knew
The time (which I shall ever rue),
A time for all your mighty looks,
When I was something in your books:
A thousand tales of fustian-stuff;\(^7\)
For I remember well enough
How close about my neck you hung,
When I began a bawdy song.
You thought me chief amongst the misses,
And often stopped my mouth with kisses,
Whose melting touch my heart did stab,
In earnest of a coming job.\(^8\)
You used a thousand wanton tricks,
And played the Devil on two sticks.\(^9\)
We to the business stiffly stood,\(^10\)
And did as long as doing’s good;\(^11\)
Nor could we for our lives give o’er
’Till we were fit to do more.

Beware, Sicilian wenches! He
Will coax you all as well as me.
If you’ll take notice of his shams,
He’ll tell you a thousand lying flams;\(^12\)
’Tis such another flattering villain,
He’ll cheat you all, were you a million.

---
\(^5\) Lesbian sparks  the young, elegant men-about-town of Lesbos, Sappho’s native island.
\(^6\) pelf  money, riches.
\(^7\) fustian-stuff  writing which consists of inappropriately inflated language; gibberish; bombastic writing.
\(^8\) job  coital act (Williams 2.740); sexual intercourse or other sexual act.
\(^9\) played  ... sticks  technically, a wooden toy in the form of an hourglass, which is made to spin in the air by means of a string attached to two sticks held in the hands; perhaps a reference to the couple’s sexual athletics?
\(^10\) We ... stood  with the obvious allusion to the ‘stiffness’ of Phaon’s penis.
\(^11\) did  had sex.
\(^12\) flams  falsehoods, flatteries, sham stories.
My hair hangs down about my knees,  
And falls as fast as leaves from trees.\(^{13}\)  
Of all ill luck I am the pattern;  
You’d swear I’m grown a very slattern.\(^{14}\)  
For whom should I go fine and gaudy?  
Why, without him I am nobody;  
And I ne’er loved to trick or trim  
Myself for anyone but him.  

Oh! if I could but once more see  
That subtle piece of lechery;  
’Tis not thy love I ask, not thine,  
So thou wilt but accept of mine.  
But to sneak off when none did hold thee,  
Without farewell, I needs must scold thee.  
You might have said, you ill-bred bumpkin,  
“God b’w’ye,” “Kiss my arse,” or something.\(^{15}\)  
You might have ta’en your leave at least,\(^{16}\)  
And not have gone off like a beast;  
For hadst thou but the least word spoken,  
I had gi’n thee something for a token,\(^{17}\)  
Though naught behind was left by thee,  
But shankers,\(^{18}\) shame, and infamy.  

My friends can witness what a quarter\(^{19}\)  
And din I made at thy departure.  
When of thy baseness I was told,  
I was ready e’en to die with cold;  
Speechless, one word I could not utter,  
Only what in my cups I mutter.\(^{20}\)  
And though they brought good store of ale-in,  
I could not speak one word for railing.  
At last, my passion finding vent,  
In a distraction out I went,  
And like a bedlam run about\(^{21}\)  
The streets in hope to smell thee out,  

\(^{13}\) My hair \ldots \ trees Loose hair was a common emblem of madness and despair, but hair loss was also a sign of syphilis.  
\(^{14}\) slattern a slovenly, untidy woman; a slut.  
\(^{15}\) God b’w’ye “God be with ye” (a formal farewell).  
\(^{16}\) ta’en i.e., taken.  
\(^{17}\) gi’n i.e., given.  
\(^{18}\) shankers A ‘shanker’ is “a little scab or pox on the nut or glans of the yard [i.e., penis]” (B.E., A New Dictionary of Canting Crew [London 1699]). ‘Cant’ is criminal slang and idiom.  
\(^{19}\) quarter disturbance, noise.  
\(^{20}\) in my cups i.e., drunk; intoxicated.  
\(^{21}\) bedlam madwoman.
Exposing all I had to see,
E’en all that Jove had sent to me,
Without respect to modesty,
Forgetting shame, and all but thee,
So ill does shame and love agree.

For thee alone my rest I want;
I cannot sleep for dreaming on’t,
Which made the night more welcome to me
Than any day since you went from me.
Yet little did I dream you went,
For who’d dream of a Parliament?
Or who would leave me here a widow,
To feed my fancy with your shadow?
Yet spite of absence, I make shift
To help myself at a dead lift.
Wrapped in thy arms the strokes I number,
And do enjoy thee in a slumber.
Thy words I hear, thy kisses feel,
With all the joys I blush to tell.

But when I wake, and miss thee there,
How I begin to curse and swear!
Then to divert my present pain,
Take t’other nap, and to’t again.

Soon as I rise mad as a hawk
To see myself so plaguy balked,
I run to bawdy-house and stoves,
The scenes of our unhappy loves.
Then like a drunken bitch I ramble,
And rail alone at every shamble.
Then do I cast my eyes about
Upon the little bawdy vault,
Whose mossy floor, and roof of stone,
Pleased better than a bed of down.
But when I spied the grassy bed
Retains the print our bodies made,
On thy dear side I squat me down,
And with a flood the place I drown,
For to refresh the withered trees,
Since thou art gone, with virgin-tees.\(^{33}\)

No birds frequent the valleys now
But the vile screech-owl or the crow,\(^{34}\)
Who only mourn for scarcity
Of carrion, as I long for thee.

O Phaon, didst thou know my pain,
Thou would, thou would’st come back again.
With the disease I got from you,\(^{35}\)
My eyes have got the running too.
My constant tears the paper stain;
My hand can scarce direct my pen.
Or couldst thou see a little further,
How I myself intend to murther,
Didst thou but spy the fatal loop,\(^{36}\)
Sure thou would strive to cut the rope.

Peace, Sappho, cease thy idle gabble;
Thou may’st as well appease the rabble.
Thou may (since thou art left behind)
As well go piss against the wind.\(^{37}\)

Cease, fool, and since thou art forsok,
What you have lost you may go look.
    No more thy hopeless love attend,
    But hang thyself, and there’s an end.

ALEXANDER RADCLIFFE (b. c. 1653, d. in or before 1696), POET.  Son of an unswervingly loyal royalist family, Alexander Radcliffe spent some time at Gray’s Inn before taking up a career in the army. He published a number of works, and had some association with Rochester’s literary circle. Many of his poems fit into the category of satire or lampoon: *Ovid Travesty* consists of parodies of translations from Ovid’s *Heroides* (the multi-authored translation by Dryden and others, published in 1680).

\(^{33}\) *virgin-tees* virgin-dregs (virgin piss).

\(^{34}\) The *screech-owl* and the *crow* were both traditionally birds of ill omen, presaging death and disaster.

\(^{35}\) *disease* ‘love,’ but also ‘syphilis.’ See n2.

\(^{36}\) *loop* noose.

\(^{37}\) *piss against the wind* a proverbially futile and ineffectual action, as well as one that is aimed at injuring another and yet only in fact injures the action’s performer.
Ovid Travesty: A Burlesque upon Ovid’s Epistles (1681) 38

Sappho to Phaon

The Argument.
Sappho was a lady very eminent for singing of ballads,39 and upon an extraordinary pinch,40 could make one well enough for her purpose. She held a league with one Phaon, who was her companion and partner in the Chorus; but Phaon deserted his consort for the preferment of a rubber in the bannio.41 Sappho took this so to heart that she threatens to break her neck out of a garret window, which if effected might prove her utter destruction. Authors have not agreed concerning the execution of her design, but however she writes him this loving and terrifying 42 epistle.

When these my dogg’rel rhymes you chance to see,43 You hardly will believe they came from me. Till you discover Sappho’s name at bottom, You’ll not imagine who it is that wrote ’em. I, that have often sung ‘Young Phaon strove,’ Now sing this doleful tune—‘Farewell my love’; I must not sing new jigs—the more’s the pity, But must take up with some old mournful ditty. 44 You in the bannio have a place, I hear; I in my garret sweat as much with fear. 45

38 From the 2nd enlarged edition (ten epistles were added to the 1st edition). For a non-parodic version of ‘Sappho to Phaon,’ see Ovid, Turbervile, from Heroical Epistles (print anthology, pp. 213-24).
39 ballads unlike the lyric or ode, not a classical form, but a popular English one; it carried the stigma of licentiousness, sensationalism, and crass commercialism, and was reputed a ‘low’ and unsophisticated genre of poetry.
40 upon an extraordinary pinch at a critical moment; if pressed.
41 for the preferment of a rubber in the bannio i.e., to take up a more exalted position as a sex-trade worker in a bagnio or bathhouse, a place of prostitution in early modern England. While it seems initially possible that Phaon has left Sappho in favour of a prostitute (a rubber) who works in the bagnio, below Sappho makes it clear that Phaon “has a place in the bannio” and that he is making a living there by providing sexual services. See the multiple meanings of the word ‘rub,’ nn46-47, 71.
42 terrifying the modern meaning, but obviously intended ironically.
43 dogg’rel rhymes technically crude; simple rhyming as opposed to more technically-demanding and elegant poetry. Like most of the terms used to describe Sappho’s verse in the poem, this one degrades her poetic productions.
44 ditty song (denoting triviality, ephemerality).
45 You in the bannio … with fear Phaon’s becoming a male prostitute in the bagnio suggests why he “sweat[s],” since such establishments provided saunas for customers. However, given the context, the implication is that both
You can rub out a living well enough.  
My rent’s unpaid, poor Sappho must rub off.  
My voice is cracked, and now I only houl,  
And cannot hit a treble for my soul.  
My ballads lie neglected on a shelf,  
I cannot bear the burthen by myself.  
Doll Price the Hawker offers very fair,  
She’ll sing along with me for quarter-share.  
Sue Smith, the very same will undertake;  
Their voice is like the winding of a jack.  
Hang ’em, I long to bear a part with you,  
I love to sing, and look upon you too;  
Besides, you know when songs grow out of fashion  
That I can make a ballad on occasion.  
I am not very beautiful—God knows—  
Yet you should value one that can compose.  
Despise me not, though I’m a little dowdy,  
I can do that same like a bigger body.  
Perhaps you’ll say, I’ve but a tawny skin;  
What then? you know my metal’s good within.  
What if my shoulder’s higher than my head?  
I’ve heard you say, I’m shape enough a-bed:  
The mayor (God bless him) or the worthy sheriffs  
Do very often meet with homely wives.  
Our master too, that little scrubbed draper,  
Has he not got a lady that’s a strapper?  
If you will have a beauty, or have none,

Phaon and Sappho are “sweat[ing],” because they are ridden with syphilis (sweating through immersion in a tub of scalding water being an ancient treatment for this and other sexually transmitted diseases).

rub out  i.e., make enough money to ‘get by’ on (it is, of course, implied that Phaon will make his living by ‘rubbing,’ by offering to masturbate the bagnio’s male customers, and perhaps by providing other sexual services).

rub off  no relevant meaning in OED or Williams; the context suggests ‘move along’ or ‘make do’ or ‘get by.’  
Again, the implication is that Sappho will have to make the money for her rent by resorting to prostitution (‘rubbing’).

houl  i.e., howl.

burthen  i.e., burden, the main melody of a song.

Doll Price the Hawker  A ‘hawker’ is a person who sells goods by going door-to-door, or by crying them through the streets, while ‘doll’ is slang for prostitute. Obviously, Doll Price’s own body is what she offers for purchase.

winding of a jack  A ‘jack’ was a machine to roast meat on a spit; it would be wound up with a clock-work mechanism.

on occasion  i.e., to answer to contemporary events and people’s interests (Sappho emphasizes her ability to write commercially profitable verse).

dowdy  shabby, without brightness or freshness.

shoulder’s higher than my head  implying that Sappho is a hunchback.

draper  a maker or dealer in woollen cloth.

strapper  a person (almost always a woman) who is above average in height and strength.
Phaon must lie—Phaon must lie alone.
I can remember, 'fore my voice was broke,
How much in praise of me you often spoke,
And when I shook a trill, you shook your ears, 57
And swore I sung like, what d' e call 'em?—spheres. 58
You kissed me hard, and called me 'charming witch,'
I can't do 't now, if you would kiss my breech. 59
Then you not only liked my airy voice,
But in my fleshly part you did rejoice,
And when you clasped me in your brawny clutches,
You swore I moved my body like a duchess.
You clapped my buttocks, o'er and o'er agen,
I can't believe that I was crooked then.
Beware of him, you sisters of the quill, 60
That sing at Smithfield-Bars, or Saffron-Hill, 61
Who, for an honest living, tear your throat:
If Phaon drinks w'ye, you're not worth a groat, 62
And ladies know, 'twill be a very hard thing
To sink from him the smallest copper-farthling. 63
Avoid him all—for he has used me so
Would make your hearts ache, if you did but know.
My hair's about my ears, as I'm a sinner, 64
He has not left me worth a hood or pinner. 65
Phaon by me unworthily has dealt,
Has got my ring, though 'twas but copper gilt;
Yet that which vexes me, th' ungrateful pimp 66
Has stole away my petticoat with gimp; 67

57  Shook a trill  Warbled a song.  shook your ears  like an animal does in response to stimuli: here, to show pleasure and mirth.
58  spheres  In Renaissance cosmology (derived largely from Aristotle and Ptolemy), the heavens are arranged as a series of concentric spheres, with the Earth at the centre; according to Pythagoras, the friction between the spheres leads each to give off a particular note, thus producing the divinely beautiful music of the spheres, usually believed so perfect as to be inaudible to human ears.
59  breech  i.e. arse, bottom.
60  sisters of the quill  obviously, ‘fellow poets’ since ‘quill’ is a ‘writing instrument,’ but given that ‘quill’ is also slang for ‘penis,’ clearly also ‘a group of prostitutes or sexually licentious women’ (Williams 3.1129).
61  Smithfield-Bars  a wooden barrier that marked the boundary between Smithfield, a district of London, and the county of Middlesex.  Saffron-Hill  a street in Clerkenwell, another district of London. Both areas were reputedly swarming with prostitutes and thieves.
62  w’ye  i.e., with ye (you).  groat  an English coin worth about 4 pence; in 1662, it ceased being issued, and was always the symbol of a very small sum.
63  sink from  take; get from.
64  My hair’s about my ears  i.e., Phaon has stolen everything Sappho owns, even down to the pins and combs a woman would use to dress her hair.
65  pinner  a close-fitting women’s cap.
66  pimp  procurer, prostitute’s assistant.
Has all my things, but had he left me any
I can’t go out alone, to get a penny.
Phaon, I should have had less cause to grieve,
If like a man of sense, you’d taken leave.
That you’d be gone, had I been ne’er so certain,
We might have drank a pot or two at parting,
Or fried some bacon with an egg, or if
Into some steaks we’d cut a pound of beef,
And laughed awhile, that had been something like,
But to steal off was but a sneaking trick!
My landlady can tell how I was troubled,
When I perceived myself so plainly bubbled.
I ran like mad out at the alley-gate
To overtake you, but it was too late.
When I considered I had lost my coat,
If I had had a knife, I’d cut my throat;
Yet notwithstanding all the ills you did,
I dream of you as soon as I’m in bed.
You tickle me, and cry, “Do’st like it, Saff?”
Oh wondrous well! and then methinks I laugh.
Sometimes we mingle legs, and arms, and thighs;
Something between the sheets, methinks, does rise
But when I wake, and find my dream’s in vain,
I turn to sleep, only to dream again.
When I am up, I walk about my garret
And talk I know not what—just like a parrot.
I move about the room from bed to chair,
And have no satisfaction anywhere.
The last time I remember you lay here,
We both were dry i’ th’ night, and went for beer.
Into the cellar by good luck we got;
What we did there, I’m sure you ha’ n’t forgot.
There stands, you know, an antiquated tub,
’Gainst which, since that, I often stand, and rub.
Only to see’t, as much delight I take
As if the vessel now were full of sack;
But more to add unto my discontent,
There’s been no drink i’ th’ cellar since you went.

62 *gimp* a lace border.
68 *a pot or two* i.e., of ale.
69 *bubbled* cheated, swindled.
70 *tub* perhaps for bathing, but probably a ’sweating-tub,’ used for treating of sexually transmitted diseases (n45).
71 *rub* masturbate.
72 *sack* white wine.
There’s nothing but affords me misery;  
My linnet in the cage, I fear will die.\(^73\)

The bird is just like me in everything;  
Like me it pines, like me it cannot sing.

Now, Phaon, pray take notice what I say:
If you don’t bring the things you took away,
You know, my garret is four stories high,\(^74\)
From thence I’ll leap, and in the streets I’ll die.

Maybe you will refuse to come—Do—do,
Y’ had best let Sappho break her neck for you.

Your afflicted consort,

Sappho.

The Metamorphoses’ ‘After-Life’: ‘The Story of Iphis and Ianthe’ and The Maid’s Metamorphosis (1600)

The Maid’s Metamorphosis (1600). This anonymous pastoral comedy has been attributed to a number of different playwrights, such as John Lyly and George Peele, but there has been no compelling evidence to date for one candidate as opposed to another. The title page indicates that the play was a popular part of the repertoire of the boys’ acting company, the Children of Paul’s, having been ‘sundry times acted’ before its publication in 1600. The play is a patchwork creation, modelled on sources as varied as early Shakespearean comedy (As You Like It was clearly an influence), Roman comedy, the fairy-tale ‘Snow White,’ and especially Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*.

The story of Eurymine’s transformation into a man to avoid the unwanted sexual attentions of the god Apollo is influenced by a number of Ovid’s stories: the transformation of the nymph Daphnis into the laurel tree, granted by the gods in response to her prayer that she be rescued from Apollo’s attempted rape; the transformation of the lovely maid Caenis into a man, in response to her rapist Neptune’s declaration that whatever she asks he will give her, making her not just a man in response to her request but strong and invulnerable, an heroic warrior; and the transformation of Iphis into a man. This last narrative is particularly important: the conflict between the newly transformed and now male Eurymine and her beloved, the young man Ascanio, is inspired by the similar conflict between Iphis and Ianthe, but the configuration of Eurymine and Ascanio’s conflicted relationship and its resolution reverses many of the original’s elements. In Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, a young woman, Iphis, disguised as a boy from infancy for her own protection, falls in love with and is soon to marry the lovely young woman, Ianthe; their mutual love seems doomed until Isis (Venus) intervenes, transforming Iphis on the way to her wedding into a young man. In The Maid’s Metamorphosis, Eurymine has been transformed into a man, but this transformation bars her from marrying her beloved Ascanio. Just as the woman Iphis laments

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\(^73\) *linnet* a common English song-bird.

\(^74\) *garret* a small room at the top of a building.
the impossibility of her erotic love for another woman, so the man Euyrmine has become denies
the possibility of a male homoerotic relationship with Ascanio. It is only with Euryxine’s
transformation back into a woman that their impassioned love, erotic relationship, and marriage
can be assured.

NB: For various literary uses of material from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, see the following:

The Story of Iphis and Ianthe: Ovid, Lyly, from *Gallathea* (print anthology, pp. 224-27)
The Story of Apollo and Hyacnith: Ovid, Machin, from *MIRRHA, the Mother of Adonis* (print
anthology, pp. 227-32)
233-38)

From THE MAID’S METAMORPHOSIS (1600)

[The beautiful, but apparently low-born, Eurymine, and Ascanio, heir to Duke Telemachus, are in
love; however, Telemachus disapproves, and instructs two of his courtiers to take Eurymine into
the forest and murder her. Finally unable to fulfil this command, the two courtiers allow
Eurymine to escape, killing a goat, they cut out its heart and soak Eurymine’s veil in its blood as
‘evidence’ that they have fulfilled Telemachus’ command. Eurymine’s encounter with the
shepherd Gemulo and the forester Silvio results in both men falling in love with and wooing her;
taking up residence in a cottage owned by Silvio, Eurymine supports herself in her new life by
becoming a shepherdess, herding Gemulo’s flocks along with his fool Joculo, Ascanio enters the
forest searching for Eurymine. The god Apollo is also wandering in the forest, sunk in
melancholy.]

From THE MAID’S METAMORPHOSIS (1600)

ACT 3, SCENE 1.

Enter APOLLO and the THREE CHARITES. 75

1 CHARITES.
    No, no, great Phoebus, this your silence tends

---

75 Three Charites also known as the ‘three Graces,’ daughters of Venus and Jove or Bacchus: Aglaia, Thalia, and
Euphrosyne. They were Venus’ attendants, and they were believed to represent kindness and harmony in personal
and domestic relationships.
To hide your grief from knowledge of your friends,
Who if they knew the cause in each respect
Would show their utmost skill to cure th’effect.

APOLLO.

Good ladies, your conceits in judgement err.
Because you see me dumpish, you refer
The reason to some secret grief of mine,
But you have seen me melancholy many a time.
Perhaps it is the glowing weather now\textsuperscript{76}
That makes me seem so ill at ease to you.

1 CHARITES.

Fine shifts to colour that you cannot hide!
No, Phoebus, by your looks may be descried\textsuperscript{77}
Some hid conceit that harbours in your thought,\textsuperscript{78}
Which hath therein some strange impression wrought,
That by the course thereof, you seem to me,\textsuperscript{79}
Another man than you were wont to be.\textsuperscript{80}

APOLLO.

No, ladies, you deceive yourselves in me.
What likelihood or token do ye see
That may persuade it true that you suppose?\textsuperscript{81}

2 CHARITES.

Apollo, hence a great suspicion grows:
Y’are not so pleasant now as earst in company,\textsuperscript{82}
Ye walk alone and wander solitary.
The pleasant toys we did frequent sometime
Are worn away, and grown out of prime.
Your instrument hath lost his silver sound,
That rang of late through all this grovy ground.\textsuperscript{83}
Your bow wherewith the chase you did frequent
Is closed is case and long hath been unbent.
How differ you from that Apollo now
That whilom sat in shade of laurel bough
And with the warbling of your iv’ry lute
T’allure the fairies for to dance about?

\textsuperscript{76} glowing hot, burning.
\textsuperscript{77} descried discovered.
\textsuperscript{78} conceit notion, thought, conception.
\textsuperscript{79} course progression.
\textsuperscript{80} wont accustomed.
\textsuperscript{81} That may persuade it true that you suppose i.e., that persuades you that your supposition or suspicion is true.
\textsuperscript{82} earst earlier, formerly.
\textsuperscript{83} instrument as god of music, Apollo is often depicted playing his lyre (below, his ‘lute’). grovy after the manner of a grove: leafy, shady, etc.
Or from th’Apollo that with bended bow
Did many a sharp and wounding shaft bestow
Amidst the dragon Python’s scaly wings
And forced his dying blood to spout in springs?\textsuperscript{84}
Believe me, Phoebus, who saw you then and now
Would think there were a wondrous change in you.

APOLO.
Alas, fair dames, to make my sorrows plain
Would but revive an ancient wound again,
Which grating presently upon my mind,
Doth leave a scar of former wounds behind.

3 CHARITES.
Phoebus, if you account us for the same
That tender thee, and love Apollo’s name,\textsuperscript{85}
Pour forth to us the fountain of your woe,
From whence the spring of these your sorrows flow.
If we may any way redress your moan
Command our best; harm will we do you none.

APOLO.
Good ladies, though I hope for no relief,
I’ll show the ground of this my present grief.
This time of year, or thereabout it was—
Accursed be the time ten times, alas!—
When I from Delphos took my journey down\textsuperscript{86}
To see the games in noble Sparta town.
There saw I that wherein I ’gan to joy,
Amilchar’s son, a gallant comely boy,
Hight Hyacinth, full fifteen years of age,\textsuperscript{87}
Whom I intended to have made my page,\textsuperscript{88}
And bore as great affection to the boy,
As ever Jove in Ganymede did joy.\textsuperscript{89}
Among the games, myself put in a pledge\textsuperscript{90}
To try my strength in throwing of the sledge,\textsuperscript{91}
Which poising with my strainèd arm I threw\textsuperscript{92}
So far that it beyond the other flew.

\textsuperscript{84} Or ... springs Apollo’s first feat was to kill the dragon Python, in turn taking possession of the oracle and shrine at Delphi that the monster had been guarding.
\textsuperscript{85} tender hold in esteem, feel regard for.
\textsuperscript{86} Delphos the temple there was the dwelling-place of Apollo’s famed oracle.
\textsuperscript{87} Hight Called.
\textsuperscript{88} page a boy or youth who served as personal attendant.
\textsuperscript{89} For ‘Jove and Ganymede,’ see Glossary (print anthology).
\textsuperscript{90} put in a pledge promised, committed [himself].
\textsuperscript{91} sledge a large, heavy hammer used for throwing as an athletic exercise.
\textsuperscript{92} poising evaluating the weight of; balancing.
My Hyacinth, delighting in the game,
Desired to prove his manhood in the same,
And catching ere the sledge lay still on ground,93
With violent force, aloft it did rebound
Against his head, and battered out his brain,
And so, alas, my lovely boy was slain.94

1 CHARITES.
Hard hap, O Phoebus, but sith it’s past and gone,95
We wish ye to forbear this frustrate moan.

APOLLO.
Ladies, I know my sorrows are in vain,
And yet from mourning can I not refrain.

1 CHARITES.
Eurania some pleasant song shall sing96
To put ye from your dumps.

APOLLO. Alas, no song will bring
The least relief to my perplexed mind.

2 CHARITES.
No, Phoebus? What other pastime shall we find
To make ye merry with?

APOLLO. Fair dames, I thank you all.
No sport, no pastime can release my thrall.
My grief’s of course: when it the course hath had,
I shall be merry and no longer sad.

1 CHARITES.
What will ye then we do?

APOLLO. And please ye, you may go,
And leave me here to feed upon my woe.

2 CHARITES.
Then, Phoebus, we can but wish ye well again.

APOLLO.
I thank ye, gentle ladies, for your pains.97

[Exeunt CHARITES.]

O Phoebus, wretched thou, thus art thou fain98
With forged excuses to conceal thy pain.
O Hyacinth, I suffer not these fits
For thee, my boy; no, no, another sits
Deeper than thou in th’closet of my breast,

93 ere  before.
94 The story of Phoebus and Hyacinth is based on Ovid, Metamorphoses, Book 10.
95 sith  since.
96 Eurania  one of the Muses, Urania was patron of astronomy.
97 pains  efforts [on my behalf].
98 fain  willing, eager.
Whose sight so late hath wrought me this unrest.
And yet no goddess, nor of heavenly kind
She is, whose beauty thus torments my mind.
No fairy nymph that haunts these pleasant woods,\(^\text{99}\)
No goddess of the flow’rs, the fields, nor floods,
Yet such a one whom justly I may call
A nymph as well as any of them all.
Eurymine, what heaven affords thee here?
So may I say, because thou com’st so near,
And nearer far unto a heavenly shape
Than she of whom Jove triumphed in the rape.\(^\text{100}\)

[...]

*Enter Eurymine.*

**Eurymine.**

Although there be such difference in the change
To live in court and desert wood to range,
Yet in extremes, wherein we cannot choose,
An extreme refuge is not to refuse.
Good gentleman, did any see my herd?
I shall not find them out, I am afeared.
And yet my master waiteth with his bow
Within, a-standing for to strike a doe.
You saw them not? Your silence makes me doubt
I must go further, till I find them out.

**Apollo.**

What seek you, pretty maid?

**Eurymine.** Forsooth, my herd of deer.

**Apollo.**

I saw them lately but they are not here.

**Eurymine.**

I pray, sir, where?

**Apollo.** An hour ago or twain.

I saw them feeding all above the plain.

**Eurymine.**

So much the more my toil to fetch them in.

I thank ye, sir.

**Apollo.** Nay, stay, sweet nymph, with me.

---

\(^{99}\) *nymph*  semi-divine being in the form of a beautiful woman, usually associated with some particular natural place (a grove, spring, etc.).

\(^{100}\) *Than ... rape*  Perhaps Callisto, whom Jove raped and later transformed into a constellation.
EURYMINE.
  My business cannot so dispatchèd be.

APOLLO.
  But pray ye, maid, it will be very good
  To take the shade in this unhaunted wood.
  This flow’ring bay with branches large and great
  Will shroud thee safely from the parching heat.

EURYMINE.
  Good sir, my business calls me hence in haste.

APOLLO.
  Oh, stay with him, whom conquered thou hast,
  With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee,
  With him that joys thy wishèd face to see,
  With him whose joys surmount all joys above,
  If thou would’st think him worthy of thy love.

EURYMINE.
  Why, sir, would you desire another make?¹⁰¹
  And wear that garland for your mistress’ sake?

APOLLO.
  No, nymph. Although I love this laurel tree,
  My fancy ten times more affecteth thee;
  And as the bay is always fresh and green,
  So shall my love as fresh to thee be seen.

EURYMINE.
  Now truly, sir, you offer me great wrong
  To hold me from my business here so long.

APOLLO.
  Oh stay, sweet nymph, with more advisement view¹⁰²
  What one he is that for thy grace doth sue.
  I am not one that haunts on hills or rocks;
  I am no shepherd waiting on my flocks;
  I am no bois’trous satyr, no nor faun,
  That am with pleasure of thy beauty drawn.
  Thou dost not know, God wot, thou dost not know
  The wight whose presence thou disdainest so.

EURYMINE.
  But I may know, if you would please to tell.

¹⁰¹ make mate. Apollo is clearly already wearing a garland (a crown or wreath), and Eurymine assumes that he is doing so because he is already in love with another woman (mistress). His reply refers to the laurel or bay tree, sacred to Apollo, since Daphnis was transformed into this tree when she begged the gods to save her from Apollo’s pursuit and her impending rape. Out of the laurel or bay tree were made the wreaths that crowned victorious generals, athletes and poets in the ancient world.

¹⁰² advisement consideration, reflection.
APOLLO.
My father in the highest heaven doth dwell,
And I am known the son of Jove to be,
Whereon the folk of Delphos honour me.
By me is known what is, what was, and what shall be,
By me are learned the rules of harmony.
By me the depth of physic’s lore is found,
And power of herbs that grow upon the ground.
And thus by circumstances mayst thou see
That I am Phoebus who doth fancy thee.

EURYMINE.
No sir, by these discourses may I see
You mock me with a forged pedigree.
If son you be to Jove, as erst he said,
In making love unto a mortal maid
You work dishonour to your deity.
I must be gone. I thank you for your courtesy.

APOLLO.
Alas! Abandon not thy lover so.

EURYMINE.
I pray thee heartily, give me leave to go.

APOLLO.
The way o’ergrown with shrubs and bushes thick,
The sharpened thorns your tender feet will prick.
The brambles round about your train will lap;
The burs and briars about your skirts will wrap.

EURYMINE.
If Phoebus, thou of Jove the offspring be,
Dishonour not thy deity so much
With proffered force a silly maid to touch.
For doing so, although a god thou be,
The earth, and men on earth, shall ring thy infamy.

APOLLO.
Hard speech to him that loveth thee so well.

EURYMINE.
What, know I that?

APOLLO.
I know it and can tell and feel it too.

EURYMINE.
If that your love be such
As you pretend, so fervent and so much,
For proof thereof, grant me but one request.

APOLLO.
I will, by Jove my father, I protest,
Provided first that thy petition be
Not hurtful to thyself nor harm to me.
For so sometime did Phaethon, my son,
Request a thing whereby he was undone.103
He lost his life through craving it, and I
Through granting it lost him, my son, thereby.

EUROYMNE.
Then, Phoebus, thus it is: if thou be he
That art pretended in thy pedigree,
If son thou be to Jove as thou dost feign,104
And challengest that title not in vain,105
Now here bewray some sign of godhood than,106
And change me straight from shape of maid to man.107

APOLLO.
Alas, what fond desire doth move thy mind108
To wish thee altered from thy native kind?109
If thou in this thy woman’s form canst move,
Not men but gods to sue and seek thy love,
Content thyself with nature’s bounty than,110
And covet not to bear the shape of man.
And this moreover will I say to thee:
Fairer man than maid, thou shalt never be.

EUROYMNE.
These vain excuses manifestly show,
Whether you usurp Apollo’s name or no,
Sith my demand so far surmounts your art,
Ye join exc-eptions on the other part.

APOLLO.
Nay then, my doubtless deity to prove,
Although thereby forever I lose my love,
I grant thy wish; thou art become a man.
I speak no more than well perform I can.
And though thou walk in changèd body now,
This penance shall be added to thy vow:
Thyself a man shalt love a man in vain,
And loving, wish to be a maid again.

---

103 undone destroyed.
104 feign pretend, allege.
105 challenge assert [his] rightful claim to.
106 bewray reveal. than then.
107 straight immediately.
108 fond foolish.
109 native kind i.e., natural sex or gender.
110 than i.e., then.
Eurymine.  
Apollon, whether I love a man or not,  
I thank ye. Now I will accept my lot,  
And sith my change hath disappointed you,  
Ye are at liberty to love anew.  

[Exit.]

Apollo.  
If ever I love, sith now I am forsaken,  
Where next I love, it shall be better taken.  
But whatsoever my fate in loving be,  
Yet thou mayst vaunt that Phoebus loved thee.  

[Exit Apollo.]

[While searching for Eurymine, Ascanio meets the mysterious, sage and hermit Aramanthus, and learns from him that his maiden beloved has been turned into a boy, while Eurymine tries to convince her shepherd-woosers, Silvio and Gemulo, that she is Eurymine’s brother. When Ascanio and Eurymine finally meet, they have an impassioned discussion about the nature of love].

Act 4, [Scene 2].

[...]

Aramanthus.  
Are you then, sir, despisèd of your love?  

Ascanio.  
No, but deprivèd of her company,  
And for my careless negligence therein  
Am bound to do this penance for my sin:  
That if I never find where she remains,  
I vow a year shall be my end of pains.  

Aramanthus.  
Was she then lost within this forest here?  

Ascanio.  
Lost or forlorn, to me she was right dear.  
And this is certain: unto him that could

111 vaunt  boast.  
112 of  by.  
113 I vow ... pains  i.e., I will not live out the year.  
114 forlorn  abandoned.
The place where she abides to me unfold
Forever I would vow myself his friend,
Never revolting till my life did end.\textsuperscript{115}
And therefore, sir, as well I know your skill,
If you will give me physick for this ill,\textsuperscript{116}
And show me if Eurymine do live,
It were a recompense for all my pain,
And I should think my joys were full again.

\textbf{ARAMANTHUS.}

They know the want of health that have been sick.\textsuperscript{117}
Myself sometime acquainted with the like,
Do learn in duty of a kind regard
To pity him whose hap hath been so hard.\textsuperscript{118}
How long, I pray ye, hath she absent been?

\textbf{ASCANIO.}

Three days it is since that my love was seen.

\textbf{JOCULO.}\textsuperscript{119}

Here’s learning for the nonce, that stands on joints:
For all his cunning, I’ll scarce give two points.

\textbf{ARAMANTHUS.}

\textit{Mercurio regnante virum, subsequeunt Luna,}
\textit{Foeminum designat.}\textsuperscript{120}

\textbf{JOCULO.}

Nay, and you go to\textsuperscript{121} Latin, then ’tis sure, my master shall find her, if he could tell when.

\textbf{ARAMANTHUS.}

I cannot tell what reason it should be,
But love and reason here do disagree.
By proof of learned principles I find,
The manner of your love’s against all kind,\textsuperscript{122}
And not to feed ye with uncertain joy,
Whom you affect so much is but a boy.

\textbf{JOCULO.}

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textsuperscript{115} \textit{revolting} faithless.
  \item \textsuperscript{116} \textit{physic} medicine; more generally, remedy.
  \item \textsuperscript{117} \textit{want} lack.
  \item \textsuperscript{118} \textit{hap hath been so hard} i.e., whose fortune has been so difficult or painful.
  \item \textsuperscript{119} \textit{Joculo} i.e., the laughing one, an appropriate name for the play’s fool.
  \item \textsuperscript{120} \textit{Mercurio ... designat} ‘A womanish man is designated when Mercury rules, [and] Luna (the Moon) follows behind.’ This Latin phrase refers to the popular astrological conception that the arrangement of the planets at the time of a person’s birth had a profound effect on his or her character, including the extent to which he or she conformed to gender norms. Cf. Helkiah Crooke’s representation of human gestation and gender in ‘Microcosmographia,’ \textit{Online Companion}.
  \item \textsuperscript{121} \textit{go to} resort to.
  \item \textsuperscript{122} \textit{kind} nature.
\end{itemize}
A riddle, for my life, some antic jest—
Did I not tell ye what his cunning was?

ASCANIO.
I love a boy?
ARAMANTHUS. Mine art doth tell me so.
ASCANIO.
Add not a fresh increase unto my woe.
ARAMANTHUS.
I dare avouch what lately I have said,
The love that troubles you, is for no maid.
ASCANIO.
As well I might be said to touch the sky,
Or dark the horizon with tapestry,
Or walk upon the waters of the sea,
As to be haunted with such lunacy.
ARAMANTHUS.
If it be false, mine art I will defy.\(^\text{123}\)
ASCANIO.
Amazed with grief, my love is then transformed.
JOCULO.
Master be contented, this is leap year:
Women wear breeches, petticoats are dear.\(^\text{124}\)
And that’s his meaning, on my life it is.
ASCANIO.
Oh God, and shall my torment never cease?
ARAMANTHUS.
Repress the fury of your troubled mind.
Walk here awhile, your lady you may find.
JOCULO.
A lady and a boy, this hangs well together,
Like snow in harvest, sunshine and foul weather.

Enter EURYMINE singing.

EURYMINE.

Since hope of help my froward stars deny,\(^\text{125}\)
Come, sweetest death, and end my misery;

\(^{123}\) **defy** disavow, repudiate.
\(^{124}\) **breeches** early trousers, exclusively worn by men in the period. **dear** expensive.
\(^{125}\) **froward** perverse.
He lost his country, I my shape have lost,  
Dear is the love that hath so dearly cost.

Yet can I boast, though Phoebus were unjust,  
This shift did serve to bar him from his lust.\textsuperscript{126}  
But who are these alone? I cannot choose  
But blush for shame that anyone should see  
Eurymine in this disguise to be.

ASCANIO.  
It is, it is not my love, Eurymine.

EURYMINE.  
Hark, someone hallows! Gentlemen, adieu.\textsuperscript{127}  
[Aside.] In this attire I dare not stay their view.

[Exit.

ASCANIO.  
My love, my joy, my life,  
By eye, by face, by tongue, it should be she.  
Oh aye, it was my love! I’ll after her,  
And though she pass the eagle in her flight,\textsuperscript{128}  
I’ll never rest, till I have gained her sight.

[Exit.

[...]

ACT 5

Enter ASCANIO and EURYMINE.

ASCANIO.  
Eurymine, I pray, if thou be she,  
Refrain thy haste and do not fly from me.  
The time hath been my words thou wouldst allow,  
And am I grown so loathsome to thee now?

EURYMINE.  
Ascanio, time hath been, I must confess,  
When in thy presence was my happiness;  
But now the manner of my misery

\textsuperscript{126} shift trick, stratagem.  
\textsuperscript{127} hallow shouts, is calling [for me].  
\textsuperscript{128} pass i.e., surpass.
Hath changed that course, that so it cannot be.

ASCANIO.

What wrong have I contrived? What injury
To alienate thy liking so from me?
If thou be she whom sometime thou didst feign,\textsuperscript{129}
And bearest not the name of friend in vain,\textsuperscript{130}
Let not thy borrowed guise of altered kind\textsuperscript{131}
Alter the wonted liking of thy mind;
But though in habit of a man thou goest,
Yet be the same Eurymine thou wast.

EURLYMINE.

How gladly would I be thy lady still,
If earnest vows might answer to my will!

ASCANIO.

And is thy fancy altered with thy guise?\textsuperscript{132}

EURLYMINE.

My kind, but not my mind in any wise.\textsuperscript{133}

ASCANIO.

What though thy habit differ from thy kind,\textsuperscript{134}
Thou mayst retain thy wonted loving mind.

EURLYMINE.

And so I do.

ASCANIO. Then why art thou so strange?
Or wherefore doth my plighted fancy change?\textsuperscript{135}

EURLYMINE.

Ascanio, my heart doth honour thee.

ASCANIO. And yet continuest still so strange to me?\textsuperscript{136}

EURLYMINE.

Not strange, so far as kind will give me leave.\textsuperscript{137}

ASCANIO. Unkind that kind that kindness doth bereave.
Thou say’st thou lov’st me.

EURLYMINE. As a friend his friend,

\textsuperscript{129} \textit{fain} appear to be.
\textsuperscript{130} \textit{friend} beloved; lover.
\textsuperscript{131} \textit{altered kind} unclear ‘another or different sex/gender’; or perhaps referring to the fact that at this point Ascanio sees Eurymine’s male attire as simply different from that which she customarily wears as a woman?
\textsuperscript{132} \textit{fancy} love, desire.
\textsuperscript{133} \textit{wise} way.
\textsuperscript{134} \textit{kind} sex or gender.
\textsuperscript{135} \textit{plighted fancy} promised love.
\textsuperscript{136} \textit{strange} estranged, alienated, cold.
\textsuperscript{137} \textit{kind} species (and the natural inclinations that go along with being a member of a species or natural type); here, more specifically, sex or gender.
And so I vow to love thee to the end.

ASCANIO.

I wreak not of such love! Love me but so\(^{138}\)

As fair Eurymine loved Ascanio!

EURYMINE.

That love’s denied unto my present kind.\(^{139}\)

ASCANIO.

In kindly shows, unkind I do thee find.\(^{140}\)

I see thou art as constant as the wind.\(^{141}\)

EURYMINE.

Doth kind allow a man to love a man?

ASCANIO.

Why, art thou not Eurymine?

EURYMINE. I am.

ASCANIO.

Eurymine, my love?

EURYMINE. The very same.

ASCANIO.

And wast not thou a woman then?

EURYMINE. Most true.

ASCANIO.

And art thou changèd from a woman now?

EURYMINE. Too true.

ASCANIO.

These tales my mind perplex! Thou art Eurymine?

EURYMINE. In name, but not in sex.

ASCANIO. What then?

EURYMINE. A man.

ASCANIO. In guise thou art I see.\(^{142}\)

EURYMINE. The guise thou seest doth with my kind agree.\(^{143}\)

ASCANIO. Before thy flight thou wast a woman though.

EURYMINE. True, Ascanio.

\(^{138}\) wreak not for care not for; do not understand.

\(^{139}\) kind sex; gender.

\(^{140}\) kindly shows demonstrations of kindness. unkind the modern meaning, but also, ‘not in keeping with Eurymine’s kind or sex’ (i.e., her womanhood).

\(^{141}\) Proverbial, ‘As wavering (changeable, fickle, inconstant) as the wind’ (Tilley W412), most often said of women.

\(^{142}\) guise clothing.

\(^{143}\) kind sex; gender.
ASCANIO. And since thou art thou a man?
EURYMINE.
   Too true, dear friend.
ASCANIO. Then have I lost a wife.
EURYMINE.
   But found a friend, whose dearest blood and life,
   Shall be as ready as thine own for thee!
   In place of wife, such friend thou hast of me.

Enter JOCULO and ARAMANTHUS.

[...]

ARAMANTHUS.
   What speed in that I told to you of late? 144
ASCANIO.
   Both good and bad, as doth the sequel prove,
   For (wretched) I have found, and lost my love.
   If that be lost which I can ne’er enjoy.
JOCULO.
   Faith, mistress, y’are to blame to be so coy!
   The day hath been, but what is that to me,
   When more familiar with a man you’ld be.
ARAMANTHUS.
   I told ye you should find a man of her,
   Or else my rule did very strangely err.
ASCANIO.
   Father, the trial of your skill I find:
   My love’s transformed into another kind,
   And so I find, and yet have lost my love.
JOCULO.
   Ye cannot tell, take her aside and prove. 145
ASCANIO.
   But, sweet Eurymine, make some report
   Why thou departed’st from my father’s court?
   And how this strange mishap to thee befell;
   Let me entreat thou wouldst the process tell.
EURYMINE.
   To show how I arrivèd in this ground

---

144 speed success; outcome.
145 prove i.e. test [her gender, presumably by examining her genitals].
Were but renewing of an ancient wound.
Another time that office I'll fulfill. 146
Let it suffice, I came against my will,
And wand’ring here about this forest side,
It was my chance of Phoebus to be spied.
Whose love because I chastely did withstand,
He thought to offer me a violent hand.
But for a present shift to shun his rape, 147
I wished myself transformed into this shape,
Which he performed (God knows) against his will,
And I since then have wailed my fortune still,
Not for misliking ought I find in me,
But for thy sake, whose wife I meant to be.

[The wise Aramanthus advises the Charites, Ascanio, and Eurymine to combine together to persuade Apollo to transform Eurymine back into a woman, which he does. Apollo also recognizes Aramanthus as a deserving and wronged sage, to whom he promises favour, a place among the Muses, and fame after death. It is also revealed that Aramanthus is really the prince of Lesbos, and that Eurymine is really Aramanthus’s long-lost daughter, Atlanta. The revelation of Eurymine’s noble birth clears away the impediment to her marriage to Ascanio, although independent of this knowledge Telemachus sends word that he now agrees to their marriage.]

146 office duty.
147 shift trick, stratagem.